Tra. Tis so Rowland,
and by the vertue of the same, you pay me
a hundred pound to morrow.
Row. Art sure Tranio
we are both alive now?
Tra. Wonder not, you haue lost.
Row. If this be true, I graunt it.
Tra. Tis most certaine
there's a ring for you too; you know it.
Row. Yes.
Tra. When shall I haue my monie.
Row Stay, stay,
when shall I marrie her.
Tra. To night
Row. Take heed now
you doe not trifle with me; if you doe
youle find more payment then your monie commes to.
Come sweare, I know I am a man, and finde
I may deceiue my self, sweare faithfully
sweare me directly, am I Rowland?
Tran. Yes.
Row Am I awake?
Tra. you are,
Row. Am I in health?
Tra. As far as I conceaue,
Row. Was I with Liuia?
Tra. You were, and had this contract
Row & shall I enjoy her?
Tra. Yes if you dare,
Row Sweare to all this.
Tran. I will.

Row. As thou

Row. As thou art honest as thou hast a conscience,
as that may wring the if thou lyest; all this
to be no vision, but a truth, and serious
Tra. Then by my honesty, and faith, and conscience
all this is certaine.
Row. Lett's remoue our places,
sweare it againe.
Tra. I sweare 'tis true.
Row. I haue lost then, and heauen knowes I am glad on't;
Lett's goe, and tell me all, and tell me how,
for yet I am a pagan in it.
Tra. I haue a priest too
and all shall come as euen as two testers. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter Petronius, Sophocles, Moros.

Petruchio in a Coffin, carried by Seruants.

Petro. Sett downe the body, and one call her out —— *Enter Maria in black, Iaques, Pedro.*
you are welcome to the last cast of your fortunes
there lyes your husband; there, your louing husband;
there he that was Petruchio, too good for ye:
your stubborne and vnworthy way has kill'd him
ere he could reach the sea; if you can weepe
now you haue cause, begin, and after death
doe something yet to th world to thinke ye honest,
so manie teares had said him, shed in time,
and as they are, (so a good minde goe with em)
yet they may moue compassion.
Mari. Pray you all heare me
and iudge me as I am, not as you conet
for that would make me yet more miserable,
Tis true, I haue cause to griene, a mighty cause,

& truly

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